

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE North Carolina election, which some Republicans had been expecting to carry by from five to ten thousand majority, the Republicans have probably carried, though an official count of the vote may very likely be necessary before the size of the majority, be it Republican or Democratic, can be ascertained. The Northerner who has not travelled through the State cannot conceive of its primitiveness, the sparseness of population, the solitude, the want of telegraphs, railroads, and roads. As we say, the closeness of the vote has not been generally expected among Republicans, the Administration managers having felt a degree of confidence not shared by outside observers who have been watching the course of our politics since January last. That it is a Republican check is, we think, not to be denied—if for no other reason, for this, that the number of people is this year unusually large who will let their political action be decided by their fellow-citizens of other States; and this class of voters must be held for Grant and Wilson by the spectacle of State after State pronouncing for them in preference to Greeley. A defeat in Maine, for example, would take thousands of the pusillanimous sort of Republicans, not to mention the greedy and unprincipled, straight into the Democratic ranks. There is a natural flabbiness and cowardice in the average man which prompts voters to get themselves on the winning side, and in the present campaign this feeling has the support of feelings more respectable, and of a condition of affairs well fitted to perplex the intellect of voters not very discerning. But the stupid cunning of the Greeleyites has done something to counteract the effect of the partial Democratic success. Taking election returns from their hopes, and pretending to have information which by no possibility they could have, the Greeley managers played once more, and more conspicuously than before, their favorite trick, which is to falsify the facts of the canvass in the expectation of deceiving the unwary. The Chinese game of beating the enemy by making all the hullabaloo possible they believe in fully; so, with a sharpness which looks like being too sharp by half, they impetuously fired a hundred guns and issued a spirit-stirring “man and brother” proclamation which subsequent returns have made rather ridiculous. West Virginia is the next State to hold an election, and the contest on the 22d will be close. The Democrats have latterly been having their own way there.

North Carolina in 1870 gave a Democratic majority of nearly five thousand, and it is this vote which should be borne in mind when the present political condition of the State is studied. The vote of 1871 was not a true trial of strength, because the question at issue was whether or not the State constitution should be torn to pieces and a new one made by the Democrats. This all Republicans opposed for obvious reasons, and they were joined in their opposition by some Democrats, because cautious Democrats were frightened not only at the proposal itself, but at the threat of Federal interference and at some of the specific changes proposed. These considerations made the majority against a constitutional convention more than ten thousand larger than it otherwise would have been, as the State was then Democratic. It has become more Democratic since, because of the return to politics of men so disgusted at the downfall of the Confederacy that they would not so much as cast a vote, and because of the recent removal of disabilities from many men powerful in politics. The Administration thus had to carry a Democratic State against the Democracy allied with a certain number of Liberal Republicans, though these, we imagine, are excessively scarce in any State where Republicans are awake to the fact that the Southern Democracy's coming into power concerns them personally and very intimately, indeed. Latest advices make it

probable that in this effort the Administration Republicans have succeeded, though by the skin of their teeth. But then if they moved heaven and earth to carry the State, so did their adversaries, and the result is not to be called promising for Mr. Greeley, while it undoubtedly will stimulate the Republican leaders to work. The Presidency is not a prize which falls into anybody's lap; the fight is by no means over for either side. It never is, indeed, till the last gun is fired, and that, we may be sure, will not be till November. “The country must be saved,” not only in general but in every Congressional district where there are two patriots of diverse views who want to go to Congress. Everybody may confidently expect to be kept busy through the autumn, even although the September and October States should show the little game of Greeley and the Democracy to be just a trifle too much for the stomach of the American people. We fancy that when the first returns were coming in from North Carolina, and decent people were brought face to face with the fact that the candidacy of Greeley is not a huge joke to grin over, but a very serious matter, it set them to thinking. We hope they will keep on, and we have little fear as to the conclusion they will reach.

Next to the very warmly contested election in North Carolina, the principal political incident of the week has been Mr. Sumner's open declaration of his adhesion to Greeley, in a letter addressed to twenty-four colored men, who wrote to him in the beginning of July asking his advice as to the course which the colored voters had better take in the pending contest. He took three weeks to consider, and then replied, giving his opinion as to “the antecedents” and “present position” of the two candidates. The antecedents of Grant are, he says, that he started with a military commission, and was trained as a soldier, and voted for Buchanan, and never did anything for the colored race “except as a soldier summoned by the terrible accident of war,” and “was on the other side,” whatever that may mean, when Greeley was “ably championing impartial suffrage.” This is all he has to say of Grant's “antecedents,” although in the opening paragraph of the letter he declares that he will “not allow any prejudice of any kind to interfere with his advice”; “the occasion is too solemn,” he says. The occasion was, however, apparently not solemn enough, inasmuch as this is put forth as a fair account to colored people of the antecedents of a man to whose victorious sword they owe their emancipation, and Mr. Sumner actually owes it that he has a seat in the Senate, and that Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sumner are not now living in obscurity in Montreal or London, with the reputation of a pair of hare-brained agitators whose gaseous speculations had brought ruin on a great nation.

Of Greeley's antecedents, Mr. Sumner says that he began life “with industry and a character,” has constantly waged war against slavery, “ably championed impartial suffrage,” has “a large heart, and large understanding, trained to the support of human rights”; that “he is a man of untiring industry which leaves no moment without its fruits, abundant political knowledge, and acquaintance with history, has the instinct and grasp of statesmanship, an amiable nature, a magnanimous soul, and above all, an honesty which no suspicion has touched.” This Mr. Sumner calls “a brief portraiture.” Considered as a statement of the comparative merits of the two men, it is perhaps as dishonest as anything we have had in the way of campaign literature, or would be dishonest if Mr. Sumner had an adequate sense of the force of language. He ought to have added that under Mr. Greeley's shirt would be found on examination a pair of wings which would do credit to a cherub of the largest size, but which the Sage, with the same modesty which has caused him to conceal carefully his “acquaintance with history,” has led him to keep from the knowledge of his friends; but that

at the earnest request of that pure patriot, General Cochrane, he will now produce them, and take one fly a week in front of the Liberal "headquarters," for the benefit of colored citizens exclusively. This is sad stuff, the reader will say, and not in the least funny; to which we reply that it is about as funny and fully as serious and sensible as Mr. Sumner's "brief potraiture."

With regard to the "present position" of the two candidates, Mr. Sumner maintains that, while Greeley was nominated by a convention "of able and acknowledged Republicans," Grant was nominated by "delegates chosen largely under the influence of office-holders"; and that the Cincinnati platform was more Republican than the other. As regards the supporters of the two candidates, Mr. Sumner declares that Greeley "has among his immediate supporters in all parts of the country devoted and consistent Republicans, always earnest for reform and purity in government, and on whose lives there is no shadow of suspicion," while Grant has only "the Military Ring, the Senatorial Ring, and the Custom-house Ring." As regards the popular support behind, General Grant has only "a diversified army of office-holders, drilled to obey the word of command," and "the speeches praising him are by office-holders and members of rings." Horace Greeley, on the other hand, has at his back "large numbers of Republicans unwilling to continue the existing abuses, with them as others, a regenerated (Democratic) party." As regards the Democratic alliance, the combination is no worse, he says, than that by which he himself and Mr. Chase were elected to the Senate. After this judicial-minded and accurate account of the situation, he declares Grant deserving of impeachment, says that Greeley's nomination answers to a popular longing, and that his election will put an end to all antagonism between North and South, and whites and colored people.

Other letters have appeared from Speaker Blaine, Mr. Banks, Mr. Garrison, General Dix, and Dr. Lieber. Speaker Blaine's and Mr. Garrison's are both vehement expostulations addressed to Mr. Sumner, accusing him of perfidy towards the colored race. Mr. Blaine's is very trenchant, and shows by dates and circumstances that the Democrats in Congress with whom Mr. Sumner now proposes to act and advises the negroes to act, have solidly opposed, down to last session, every measure, great or small, which Mr. Sumner himself has introduced or declared to be necessary for the protection of colored voters' personal and political rights; and he shows that Mr. Greeley is now opposed to all legislation in support of Mr. Sumner's theory of the nature of the national government. Nearly every paragraph is one of the knock-down blows of which Mr. Greeley has received so many, which, in ordinary times, send honest men home to bed, but only make our "reformers" laugh. The *Tribune* wonders how so small a man as Blaine could have the effrontery to write to so great a man as Sumner. Mr. Garrison's letter is a more impassioned document, and handles Mr. Sumner's letter more in detail from the point of view of an old abolitionist. It will probably produce a deep impression on the colored voters all over the country, but especially at the North.

General Dix writes in reply to a Greeleyite manager who had the indiscretion to request him to recommend a stump speaker for the service of the movement. He expresses in very energetic language his abhorrence and contempt for the "beneficent revolution" for five reasons: (1) because Mr. Greeley is "unstable as water"; (2) because he has for twenty-five years been usually found among the most extreme ultraists on all questions of political and social duty; (3) because he has been a bitter protectionist; (4) because he is associated in relations more or less intimate with the principal political scoundrels of this city; (5) because "in the darkest hour of the country's history he counselled non-resistance." He makes some comments, also, on the perversion of the Cincinnati Convention; acknowledges that Grant has made mistakes, but says if they were fourfold more numerous he would not set him aside for an "erratic politician, untried in any important

public trust." To this the *Tribune* replies that General Dix was never under fire during the war; that he "whitewashed" Tom Murphy; that he entered public life as a supporter of Adams and Clay, but, when they were beaten, went over to the Jackson party, and "clung to it" till Buchanan's time; and that he never leaves a party as long as it has control of the Treasury. One of the peculiarities of this canvass is that it is impossible to get the champions of either candidate to answer any charges against him. None of the specific objections to Greeley are ever met except by abuse of the person making them and Grant's advocates would sooner go to jail than tell why the President keeps Casey in office.

Mr. Banks's letter is a model in its way, and will repay the careful study of young politicians. It resembles as nearly as may the letter of a pastor resigning his charge for another of more labor and less pay. What causes Mr. Banks to go over to Greeley, he says, is his belief "that the perpetuation of the present policy of the Government is not for the advantage of the country, and that it will not tend to restore its former peace and prosperity, nor to promote the interest of any class of citizens." Everybody will be sorry to hear that he makes this declaration "against his inclination and his personal interest." In other words, Banks is the protomartyr of the Greeley cause. Others have gone over because they hated Grant, or liked Greeley, or expected something from him, or for the fun of the thing; but Banks goes over from a lofty sense of duty to his country, and with loss to himself. We hope there will not be many other such cases. No Greeley, however great and good, is worth such devotion.

A sad scandal has made its appearance in the Liberal Republican ranks. It is alleged—and, as far as we can learn, with truth—that Mr. Gratz Brown, when attending Commencement at Yale College, in July, after making a foolish and ignorant speech at the Alumni dinner, had the indiscretion to get very drunk and behave in a very disorderly manner at the hotel in the evening. Whereupon the *Springfield Republican*, which is an ardent friend of the Greeley movement, indignantly and honestly demands that Mr. Brown withdraw from the ticket. Mr. Brown, however, shows no sign of doing anything of the kind, and we see no good reason, from the Liberal Republican point of view, why he should. It is true that on the surface his behavior seems odd for a "reform candidate" for the Vice-Presidency, but if he withdrew it would greatly impede the course of the "beneficent revolution," because it would be an acknowledgment that he had done wrong in getting drunk, whereas, on the theory on which this great movement has been started, the oftener he gets drunk, the fitter he is for the place to which he aspires. If Greeley be just the man to represent the views of those who seek revenue reform and civil-service reform and who are opposed to the coercive government of the South, as we are assured he is, the man to represent the views of temperance men, and of that large class of persons who desire to see decency and sobriety in high functionaries, and who were shocked by Andrew Johnson's being fuddled on Inauguration Day, is, of course, a confirmed and noisy drunkard.

The editor of the *New York Times* has at last been arrested for libel, on a criminal charge, and will be tried at the next term of the General Sessions, in case the Grand Jury find a bill against him. The prosecutor in this case is General Kilpatrick, whom the *Times* accuses of scandalous behavior while American minister at Chili, as other papers had accused him long before, but who is now one of "those devoted Republicans" "on whose lives no shadow of suspicion rests," who, according to Mr. Sumner, have joined the Greeley movement; and he has, we believe, been up in Maine lately with Theodore Tilton stumping heroically for the "beneficent revolution." One of its correspondents having advised the *Times* apropos of this to libel away, as its enemies could not get a verdict, even if the libels were untrue, the *Tribune* is moved to say that the editors of that paper "fear nothing but the cudgel

or the constable." It will thus be seen that the champions on both sides are warning to their work, and yet we are still three months from the election. The week before the Pennsylvania election, we fear ladies and children will have to be removed from the city.

The campaign work is a shower of mud to a far greater extent than that of any other campaign within our remembrance. Everybody is a liar, or a traitor, or a drunkard, or a thief, or a cotton thief, or a Tammany thief, or a common thief, or obscene in hotel offices, or a defaulter, or a fool, or a "prudent general"—that is to say, a coward, which is what our friends of the *Tribune* call General Dix—or a libeller, or a swindler, or an unconverted 'Know-Nothing, or a gift-taker, or a "nepotist," or personally filthy, or "a dishonor to our profession"—"we" being usually the inventors of these candid and courteous terms—or a corrupter of morals, or a butcher, or a rebel, or a Tammany Republican, or a political bummer, or "evidently a friend of Butler's who used our columns," or "the scoundrel who wrote our article," or a blaspheming atheist, or some other nice thing. But there is an occasional bit of relief for the newspaper reader, an indication now and then that we are not all in such desperate earnest as might be supposed. Here is what Doctor Livingstone says to Mr. Stanley when Mr. Stanley has told him all the news of the last five years—Austrian war, French war, Maximilian's death, and all, and finally that Greeley is a Democratic candidate:

"Hold on. You have told me stupendous things, and with a confiding simplicity I was swallowing them peacefully down; but there is a limit to all things. I am a simple, guileless, Christian man, and unacquainted with intemperate language; but when you tell me that Horace Greeley is become a Democratic candidate, I cast the traditions of my education to the winds, and say, I'll be — to all eternity if I believe it.—(After a pause.) My trunk is packed to go home, but I shall remain in Africa—for these things may be true, after all; if they are, I desire to stay here and unlearn my civilization."

Nothing could well be worse than the men who stand between the landmen and the seamen, and whose business it is to supply captains with crews from crimping houses, and sailors with drunken women and drugged rum, and themselves with about as dirty money as is earned by Christian, Turk, or heathen. "Bethels," tract societies, seamen's aid societies, sailors' homes, have for years labored to abate the horrible evils of this condition of things, and they have each and all done good; but how little, comparatively, no one knows better than those who have worked the hardest and done the most. Do what you would, a sailor coming on shore after a long voyage would spend some of his money in riotous living despite the call of religion or the offer of a quiet boarding-house, with good reading and plain meals; that course once entered upon, he was inevitably certain to end it after so many days by being dropped, dead drunk and penniless, into some vessel's fore-castle by the man who had robbed him of his money, and it was the dollars of inland congregations, and not of Poor Jack, which chiefly supported the stated preaching that was done for him. The last Congress, whatever else it did, passed one law for which it should have our gratitude, and which will, no doubt, be of very great benefit to our commerce in general when the Congressman permits us to have some commerce in American vessels. By this law a commissioner is provided for each port of entry, without whose consent no sailor can be shipped and no apprentice indentured, and without the presence of whom no sailor can be paid off and discharged. One of the duties of a commissioner is to enquire of each member of a crew that is in process of being paid off whether he does not wish to lay by some portion of his pay, and each of his duties and powers make in the same general direction. The fees for the shipping of a sailor are set at \$2, of which the man pays one-fourth, and the ship the rest—a cheap escape for both from the boarding-house keeper. All laws are more or less evaded, and this will not be an exception; but it cannot fail to do great good to a very much misused and unfortunate class of men. It may ultimately raise the whole character of the seafaring class, and, at any rate, that sort of men are good enough as they stand to be saved

from the utterly infamous land-pirates who prey upon them. It is an example of "centralization" to which Mr. Alexander Stephens himself will hardly object.

Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the *Herald*, who came back from the interior of Africa with the story that he had seen Dr. Livingstone, was for some weeks in danger of much the same treatment at the hands of the geographers as was given Mr. Paul du Chaillu when he brought home the news about the gorillas. The papers had begun to swarm with scientific proofs of his mendacity, when the Foreign Office published an acknowledgment of Livingstone's letters, and Livingstone's son an acknowledgment of the receipt of his father's Journal.

The foreign news of the week has been mainly made up of gossip about the proceedings of the tribunal at Geneva, which the newspapers declare on alternate days to be inviolably secret, and then report extensively. The fact seems to be that they are secret, and that they are likely to remain so, and that all published accounts of what has been done thus far are inventions. The only piece of information which has reached us about the affair is one which is now of but little value, but which we believe to be trustworthy—namely, that it was Mr. Caleb Cushing, and not Mr. Bancroft Davis, who put in the indirect claims, and that he did it to gratify Mr. Sumner.

The most prominent topic of discussion in England is still the tremendous rise in the price of coal. It has risen fifty per cent. within twelve months, and appears to be still rising, and, of course, to say nothing of the direct effects on the supply of fuel, must raise the price of nearly all commodities through its effect on iron, the great instrument of production and transportation. The cause of the rise is puzzling everybody, but its suddenness prevents any anxiety as to a decrease in the product of the mines, either through exhaustion or increased difficulty of working. The *Economist* ascribes it to the tremendous growth of every branch of industry at home and abroad within the last five years. Railroads, steamboats, and factories have all multiplied beyond example, and are all working to their utmost capacity, and the strain in the mines has at last become greater than they can bear—so the price has run up. The result will probably be, as far as regards manufactures, a great diminution of profits for a year or two, as producers will not dare at once to raise their prices to the full extent the advance in coal calls for. By that time, however, the rush of labor and capital into the mining business will probably bring the price down, if not to its old level, considerably lower than at present; but in the meantime there is much suffering in store for the large body of persons who in England live on small fixed incomes. The laborers are covered by the rise in wages, which has been very great, and the producers, even in the long run, take care of their profits, but for the annuitant there is no help. The demand for a heating agent less cumbersome and cheaper than coal grows very fierce and pressing, and must surely before long produce something.

The new loan, which is to enable the Government to clear the soil of the foreign invaders, has been such a success in France that thanks have been offered up in all the churches in Paris. The loan is over \$600,000,000, and is issued at about 84½ per cent., and has to be taken up by subscribers, 15 per cent. down, and the remainder in monthly instalments extending over two years. The eagerness to get it is no proof, under these circumstances, of the abundance of capital still in the hands of the French people, but it is a proof of their wonderful confidence in the good faith of the nation towards its creditors. This is one thing which no revolutions ever seem to shake; governments come and go, but none doubt that the public obligations will be met. The public debt of France has now been increased since the establishment of the Second Empire by the enormous sum of \$1,850,000,000, and there is absolutely nothing to show for it, neither internal improvements, foreign conquests, nor extended influence, and, as our correspondent points out, she is now loading herself as heavily as ever with soldiers, fortresses, and arsenals.

"FALLING INTO LINE."

THE Greeley canvass, if it serves no other good purpose, at all events supplies a very rich stock of what may be called studies in "practical politics." It is particularly useful in bringing out into sharp relief the peculiar morality of the class of men who make politics the principal business of their lives, or, in other words, govern the United States. Indeed, the revelations it is making in this field are perhaps the most startling we have ever had, and they promise to furnish food for reflection to moralists and social philosophers, long after the canvass is over, so startling that we think the moralists and social philosophers cannot begin their reflections a minute too soon. It is easy to see how an honest and intelligent man could, on a calm review of the circumstances, persuade himself that it was his duty to vote for Greeley rather than Grant. Thousands of such men will undoubtedly vote for Greeley all over the country. The case is one of those perplexing ones in which there is really no principle involved, and in which the work of choosing between the persons is surrounded with all sorts of difficulties, so that it reflects no discredit on any ordinary citizen's moral condition, however much it may bring on his mental condition, that, having four months ago determined to support Grant, he should now, either in consequence of the action of the Baltimore Convention or a deeper study of the Sage's character, determine to support Greeley—and when we say ordinary citizen, we mean a member of that vast and silent mass which, in all political canvasses, goes on spinning and weaving, sowing and reaping, thinking, listening, and reading, while others talk and write. A voter may lawfully change his mind about his vote, as he may change it about anything else, without injury to his moral constitution or the loss of his self-respect.

It is in the process known to politicians as "falling into line" that they treat us to the wonderful display of contempt for decency, and for things far more important than decency, which we are now witnessing, and it is one of the deplorable peculiarities of Greeley's canvass that the "falling into line" has revealed, and is constantly revealing, this contempt on the part of large numbers of persons who are not politicians in the ordinary and bad sense of the word, and who were actually very recently engaged in an attempt to "elevate politics to a higher plane." "Falling into line" does not mean simply voting for a candidate; it means, "working" for him—that is, publicly advocating his election by voice or pen. Ordinarily, a Presidential candidate is either a man of whom nothing was known till his nomination, or a man who has long been identified in aims and ideas with the party nominating him. In either case, "falling into line" is attended with no serious moral or mental difficulties. We often have to support for office men of whom we do not altogether approve; because civil government has somehow or other to be carried on, and cannot stand still until the recurrence of such a conjunction of circumstances as will bring about the election of a genuine saint.

In Greeley's canvass, however, the candidate is not only well known, but he has been nominated by two sets of persons with whose aims and ideas he has not and never has had a particle of sympathy, and there has been between his nomination by the one and his nomination by the other an interval sufficiently long to ensure a thorough discussion of his claims and character, and to draw forth an open expression of opinion about him from nearly every leading man in the country. During this interval, as well as before it, while his success in obtaining the second nomination was still doubtful, large numbers of these leading men did express, either in public or private, opinions strongly hostile to him. Some declared their belief that he was personally dishonest; others that he was politically a cheat and impostor, an enemy of the principles he was called on to represent, and, moreover, so deficient in sagacity, firmness, executive ability, and other great qualities, that his administration of the government would be a shocking farce, and a calamity to be warded off by every attainable means. Some, of whom Mr. Voorhees of Indiana is a fair specimen, openly declared, and with all the accents, gestures, and phrases which men usually employ to convince their fellow-men

that they are speaking the solemn convictions of their heart, that Greeley was one of the most objectionable of public men, and that under no circumstances would they support Greeley.

Now, since Greeley's chances of election have improved, these men have not only decided to vote for him, but they have in large numbers "fallen into line," that is, begun to compose and preach views of Greeley's character and history which they themselves do not really hold; to circulate stories to his credit of which they do not believe one word; to pretend to attach great weight to considerations affecting him which they have been long familiar with and to which they really attach no weight whatever; to profess to have got new light on his opinions, although they have known all about his opinions and have studied them day by day for ten, twenty, or thirty years, and have a thousand times expressed their hearty belief that they were absurd and detestable; to affect confidence in his personal honesty, after having for years steadily defamed him as a liar and cheat; and to put on an air of great expectation as to his wisdom and capacity, after having long used him as a standing illustration of folly, imbecility, and successful imposture. We could mention names in support of all these assertions; we do not do so because it would swell the volume of vituperation already called forth by a most degrading contest; but Mr. Voorhees of Indiana has made such a public display of his shame that there is neither danger nor indelicacy in using him as an example.

It will thus be seen that "falling into line" in the Greeley canvass means, in the case of a large number of persons, neither more nor less than deliberate entrance on a course of falsehood and evasion in their very worst form—we mean that form in which they are unattended with even the appearance of shame. Ordinarily, liars and deceivers expect, with more or less confidence, that they will not be found out; but Greeley enjoys the rare distinction of being served by a band who do not care whether they are found out or not, provided they can elect their man, and who have been drawn not from the gambling-houses, taverns, and ward meetings, but in many cases from the ranks of men ostensibly engaged in an earnest effort to make politics a pursuit in which people can engage with clean hands. Best of all, these men have been groaning much over the accursed "tyranny of party," with the clank of Voorhees's chains ringing in their ears, and the poor devil himself sweeping up offal and garbage under the lash before their eyes. Now, the question we would propound to persons interested in the future of American society is, What do you think will be the effect of this performance, and, above all, of its successful performance on the minds of the rising generation? What do you think will be its effect on the national love of truth, and respect for honesty and single-mindedness, and on the purification of politics? Do you think the spectacle of a large body of what are ordinarily considered honest and respectable men, lying about Greeley, tergiversating and equivocating about Greeley, will in any material degree differ in its influence on public morals from the spectacle of their lying, equivocating, and tergiversating about pork, or cotton, or sugar? Finally, what do you think will be the condition of this community when a man's solemn declarations on Monday morning will afford no guarantee to his fellows as to his conduct on the Saturday following, and when, on being accused of perfidy and falsehood, he will laugh and tell them that they are behind the age, and that he is engaged in a "beneficent revolution"?

THE CONVERTS.

THE conversion of Mr. N. P. Banks to the Greeley cause is one of those incidents which add to the humor of a campaign already in the highest degree comic. Mr. Banks belongs to a class of politicians—and it is a tolerably large class—who, if the members married each other's daughters, would very soon produce a new type of man. They are by no means without passions—some of them are very sensual, and not a few love whiskey dearly; but they are totally devoid of hates or prejudices. One of the very first steps in their

training is the complete putting away of all personal likes or dislikes. They have no enemies except the members of the opposite party, or citizens of foreign states. They never quarrel with anybody. They occasionally, in moments of excitement, use harsh language about each other, but it is always in a Pickwickian sense. They hardly understand the phrase "bearing a grudge." You might pursue one of them almost to death, but if you forbore your pursuit before the fatal blow was struck he would embrace you warmly, and converse with you on indifferent topics. Indignation on any subject or against any person—we mean, of course, personal, not "patriotic," indignation—is to them a curious form of folly. In short, a snake or fish is not more cold-blooded; and this cold-bloodedness is, let us add, an essential condition of their success.

But their mental condition is even more curious and interesting than their moral condition. They are, perhaps, the only civilized men of the same amount of education who succeed in avoiding the formation of all opinions of their own on public questions. An ordinary man, let him take ever so little interest in politics, from the mere habit of using his mind to frame inductions in his profession or calling, cannot prevent himself from forming conclusions of one sort or other about the men or measures on which his eye falls in the political field. In other words, he *reasons* on them, whether well or ill, through mere force of habit. But the very business of the politician's life is to refrain from reasoning, and to avoid the creation of all convictions. He is occupied solely in finding out what other people are thinking, and though this, like all other investigations, involves a certain amount of inferring, nevertheless it is hardly greater than that performed by the savage in tracking an enemy or a wild animal. There are certain "signs" of change with which he is familiar—and by which he shapes his course, but they are of the simplest kind, the articles in local papers or the talk of local leaders—which he puts through no process of weighing or analysis. The consequence is that he frequently makes horrible mistakes, as Butler and Morton did about the greenbacks, and takes the stump frantically for something which he fancies the people demand, but which he finds out, after making a few speeches, the people do not demand at all. The discovery of this fact would almost kill ordinary men with shame or chagrin; but to the politician it is simply one of the natural errors of his profession, like a grocer's mistake in adding up an account. On finding it out, instead of going into retirement, he calmly takes the stump on the other side, and announces that any man who believes what he said he believed a month previously is a traitor and an imbecile.

His own mind, or what serves him as a mind, he meanwhile is careful to keep as blank as a sheet of white paper. He lets no theories of morals, religion, or government leave the slightest trace on it. On all subjects in which "the party" is not interested, he is either mute as the Sphinx, or else talks in the most delightfully vague and discursive manner. On the labor question, the woman question, the liquor question, and the tariff, and all other subjects of human interest on which it is not necessary that he should "take ground," he "expresses himself" very much like the Philadelphia platform—that is, he makes a loud noise, composed in the main of articulate sounds. On well-recognized party questions, however, his trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound. To hear him discourse on them, one would take him for a ferocious fanatic, who would go to the stake for a point of interpretation, and nothing he delights in more than a large, comprehensive "party question," about which there can be no mistake, and in which there are no pitfalls in the shape of allowances, or distinctions, or doubts. For this reason, he revelled in the slavery question and in the war after they had fairly become party questions. There was no fear of his getting out of his depth in either of them, so he danced and tumbled about in them in every direction, and shouted to all his fellow-citizens to fear nothing and to follow him.

Since these questions have been disposed of, and "the greatest criminal of the age" has retired into private life, and other questions of

a more dubious and complex kind have come up, his situation has been one of great perplexity. He enjoyed the *Alabama* affair immensely as long as it consisted simply in the denunciation of England for hostility and bad faith; as soon as it became a question of law and interpretation he lost all interest in it, and gazed at it in disgusted wonder. He has listened to the discussions about the tariff and taxation much as he would listen to the debates of the Philological Convention; but, nevertheless, none of these things called for any positive course of action. The Cincinnati Convention and the growth of the Greeley movement have, however, destroyed his peace for the first time in ten years. The Republican party is apparently breaking up, and he has to choose with which section he will go. We suppose it would be impossible to overestimate the intensity of the anxiety through which Mr. Banks and his kind have been passing during the last four months. The "signs" on which they rely as to the drift of popular sentiment have all failed them, just as the Indian's "signs" would fail him on a frequented thoroughfare. There is no broad principle at stake about which the course of honest and influential men could be watched. The two antagonists are both equally to be dreaded in their way. Grant has the patronage, but Greeley has a newspaper, and which will get the better of the other the wisest man up to this moment cannot tell. Mr. Banks has waited and suffered as long as it was safe. He would doubtless have waited longer if he had not been called on to stump for Grant. Finding himself thus driven to the wall, he has declared "on which horse he stands to win," as the betting men say, and has cast in his fortunes with "Honest Horace." There are thousands like him, though of less prominence, all over the country, who are plunged in similar perplexity, and whose bread and the continuance of whose wretched trade is dependent on their not making a mistake at this juncture. We bespeak for them the magnanimity and forbearance of both candidates. They all mean to support the man most likely to win, and if they are unable to say which this is, it is because they are human.

There is a higher class of politicians than the Banks tribe, who are joining Greeley under the influence of somewhat loftier considerations, who, however, are running risks of a similar nature. They are men who have opinions, and who would like to have them embodied in legislation, but who think there is at least as good a chance of bringing this about under Greeley as Grant, and who feel satisfied that their own chances of personal recognition will be better. That is, they are disappointed with Grant, or have given up all hope of office at his hands, or have been badly treated by him, or see no chance of entering on public life favorably, as long as he and his friends remain in power, and they therefore long, as all politicians out of office long, for a "new deal"; indeed, they would support Greeley if it was only for a "new deal."

There are one or two points connected with the Greeley movement which these gentlemen have perhaps not considered, and for which we would bespeak their earnest attention. Greeley is not founding, and is not likely to found, a new party. He brings into the arena no new principle or idea. He defends no cause. He simply proclaims the personal superiority of Horace to Ulysses. The "Greeley movement," therefore, begins, and must end, with Greeley's election. His Administration, if he is elected, will, and must under the most favorable circumstances, be a period of complete political confusion. Greeley himself will be wholly occupied, not with public questions, but with the distribution of offices among the largest band of claimants by which any President has ever been assailed. He will have to satisfy the prominent Southerners, prominent Democrats, and prominent Liberal Republicans; or, in other words, he will have more "prominent supporters" to satisfy than any of his predecessors. How he will succeed may be inferred from the fact that while he will have no more offices to bestow than any one who has gone before him, he has probably less tact, a worse temper, less firmness, and less skill in dealing with men. His last and most important appearance in official position—his service in the late Constitutional Convention—was not only a failure; it was a ludicrous fail-

ure. What kind of a figure he will cut in the second year of his Presidential term, anybody can guess. We think it not at all unlikely that he might in the first gush of enthusiasm, after his election, and before "the politicians" had time to collect in Washington and make up their "slates," appoint a good cabinet, as Grant did; but there is hardly a doubt that it would be broken up by "outside pressure" far sooner than Grant's was, for Grant had a reputation to help him in resisting pressure to which Greeley can make no claim. There is probably not a single man among Greeley's Democratic and Southern supporters who does not secretly despise and laugh at him.

His Administration would, therefore, almost to a certainty be a period of disorder, if not worse, which would leave politics in much the same condition in which they are now. That is, the parties of the future would still have to be formed, and the ideas on which they will be based would still have to be produced and defined; and one runs no risk in predicting that the "reformers," and men professing devotion to principles, who now throw them aside to follow into the White House an eccentric old man who has been all his life the foe of all that they profess to hold dearest, would find considerable difficulty in persuading the honest men, of whom the main body of all new parties must after all be composed, that they are again to be trusted.

A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

III.—NORTH DEVON.

FOR those fanciful observers to whom broad England means chiefly the perfection of the rural picturesque, Devonshire means the perfection of England. I, at least, had so complacently taken it for granted that all the characteristic graces of English scenery are here to be found in especial exuberance that before we fairly crossed the borders I had begun to look impatiently from the carriage window for the veritable landscape in water-colors. Devonshire meets you promptly in all its purity. In the course of ten minutes you have been able to glance down the green vista of a dozen Devonshire lanes. On huge embankments of moss and turf, smothered in wild-flowers and embroidered with the finest lace-work of trailing ground-ivy, rise solid walls of flowering thorn and glistening holly and golden broom, and more strong, homely shrubs than I can name, and toss their blooming tangle to a sky which seems to look down between them in places from but a dozen inches of blue. They are oyster-strewn with lovely little flowers with names as delicate as their petals of gold and silver and azure—bird's-eye and ring's-finger and wandering-sailor—and their soil, a superb dark red, turus in spots so nearly to crimson that you almost fancy it some fantastic compound purchased at the chemist's and scattered there for ornament. The mingled reflection of this rich-hued earth and the dim green light which filters through the hedge, forms an effect to challenge the skill of the most accomplished water-colorist. A Devonshire cottage is no less striking a local "institution." Crushed beneath its burden of thatch, coated with a rough white stucco, of a tone to delight a painter, nestling in deep foliage, and garnished at doorstep and wayside with various forms of chubby infaney, it seems to have been stationed there for no more obvious purpose than to keep a promise to your fancy, though it covers, I suppose, not a little of the sordid misery which the fancy loves to forget. I rolled past lanes and cottages to Exeter, where I found a cathedral. When one has fairly tasted of the pleasure of cathedral-hunting, the approach to each new shrine gives a peculiarly agreeable zest to one's curiosity. You are making a collection of great impressions, and I think the process is in no case so delightful as applied to cathedrals. Going from one fine picture to another is certainly good, but the fine pictures of the world are terribly numerous, and they have a troublesome way of crowding and jostling each other in the memory. The number of cathedrals is small, and the mass and presence of each specimen is great, so that, as they rise in the mind in individual majesty, they dwarf all common impressions. They form, indeed, but a gallery of vaster pictures; for, when time has dulled the recollection of details, you retain a single broad image of the vast gray edifice, with its towers, its tone of color, and its still, green precinct. All this is especially true, perhaps, of one's memory of English cathedrals, which are almost alone in possessing, as pictures, the setting of a spacious and harmonious Close. The Cathedral stands supreme, but the Close makes the scene. Exeter is not one of the grandest, but, in common with great and small, it has certain points on which local learning expatiates with peculiar pride. Exeter, indeed, does itself injustice by a low, dark front, which not only diminishes the apparent alti-

tude of the nave, but conceals, as you look eastward, two noble Norman towers. The front, however, which has a gloomy picturesqueness, is redeemed by two fine features: a magnificent rose-window, whose vast stone ribs (enclosing some very pallid last-century glass) are disposed with the most charming intricacy; and a long sculptured screen—a sort of stony band of images—which traverses the façade from side to side. The little broken-visaged effigies of saints and kings and bishops niched in tiers along this hoary wall are prodigiously black and quaint and primitive in expression, and as you look at them with whatever contemplative tenderness your trade of hard-working tourist may have left at your disposal, you fancy that somehow they are consciously historical—sensitive victims of time; that they feel the loss of their noses, their toes, and their crowns; and that, when the long June twilight turns at last to a deeper gray, and the quiet of the Close to a deeper stillness, they begin to peer sideways out of their narrow recesses, and to converse in some strange form of early English, as rigid, yet as candid, as their features and postures, moaning, like a company of ancient paupers round a hospital fire, over their aches and infirmities and losses, and the sadness of being so terribly old. The vast square transeptal towers of the church seem to me to have the same sort of *personal* melancholy. Nothing in all architecture expresses better, to my imagination, the sadness of survival, the resignation of dogged material continuance, than a broad expanse of Norman stonework, roughly adorned with its low relief of short columns, and round arches, and almost barbarous hatchet-work, and lifted high into that mild English light which accords so well with its dull-gray surface. The especial secret of the impressiveness of such a Norman tower I cannot pretend to have discovered; it lies largely in the look of having been proudly and sturdily built—as if the masons had been urged by a trumpet-blast, and the stones squared by a battle-axe—contrasted with this mere idleness of antiquity and passive lapse into quaintness. A Greek temple preserves a kind of fresh immortality in its concentrated refinement, and a Gothic cathedral in its adventurous exuberance; but a Norman tower stands up like some simple strong man in his might, bending a melancholy brow upon an age which demands that strength shall be cunning.

The North Devon coast, whither it was my design on coming to Exeter to proceed, has the primary merit of being, as yet, virgin soil as to railways. I went accordingly from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe on the top of a coach, in the fashion of elder days; and, thanks to my position, I managed to enjoy the landscape in spite of the two worthy Englishmen before me who were reading aloud together, with a natural glee which might have passed for fiendish malice, the *Daily Telegraph's* painfully vivid account of the defeat of the *Atalanta* crew. It seemed to me, I remember, a sort of pledge and token of the invincibility of English muscle that a newspaper record of its prowess should have power to divert my companions' eyes from the bosky flanks of Devonshire combs. The little watering-place of Ilfracombe is seated at the lower verge of one of the seaward-plunging valleys, between a couple of magnificent headlands which hold it in a hollow slope and offer it securely to the caress of the Bristol Channel. It is a very finished little specimen of its genus, and I think that during my short stay there, I expended as much attention on its manners and customs and its social physiognomy as on its cliffs and beach and great coast-view. My chief conclusion, perhaps, from all these things, was that the terrible summer question which works annual anguish in so many American households would be vastly simplified if we had a few Ilfracombes scattered along our Atlantic coast; and furthermore, that the English are masters of the art of uniting the picturesque with the comfortable—in such proportions, at least, as may claim the applause of a race whose success has as yet been confined to an ingenious combination of their opposites. It is just possible that at Ilfracombe the comfortable weighs down the scale; so very substantial is it, so very officious and business-like. On the left of the town (to give an example), one of the great cliffs I have mentioned rises in a couple of massive peaks, and presents to the sea an almost vertical face, all veiled in tufts of golden brown and mighty fern. You have not walked fifty yards away from the hotel before you encounter half a dozen little sign-boards, directing your steps to a path up the cliff. You follow their indications, and you arrive at a little gate-house, with photographs and various local gimcracks exposed for sale. A most respectable person appears, demands a penny, and, on receiving it, admits you with great civility to commune with nature. You detect, however, various little influences hostile to perfect communion. You are greeted by another signboard threatening legal pursuit if you attempt to evade the payment of the sacramental penny. The path, winding in a hundred ramifications over the cliff, is fastidiously solid and neat, and furnished at intervals of a dozen yards with excellent benches, inscribed by knife and pencil with the names of such visitors as do not happen to have been the elderly maiden ladies who now chiefly occupy them. All this is prosaic, and you have to subtract it in a lump from the total impressions before the sense of pure nature

becomes distinct. Your subtraction made, a great deal assuredly remains; quite enough, I found, to give me an ample day's entertainment, for English scenery, like everything else that England produces, is of a quality that wears well. The cliffs are superb, the play of light and shade upon them a perpetual study, and the air a delicious mixture of the mountain-breeze and the sea-breeze. I was very glad at the end of my climb to have a good bench to sit upon—as one must think twice in England before measuring one's length on the grassy earth; and to be able, thanks to the smooth foot-path, to get back to the hotel in a quarter of an hour. But it occurred to me that if I were an Englishman of the period, and, after ten months of a busy London life, my fancy were turning to a holiday, to rest, and change, and oblivion of the ponderous social burden, it might find rather less inspiration than needful in a vision of the little paths of Ilfracombe, of the sign-boards and the penny-fee and the solitude tempered by old ladies and sheep. I wondered whether change perfect enough to be salutary does not imply something more pathless, more idle, more unreclaimed from that deep-bosomed Nature to which the overwrought mind reverts with passionate longing; something in short which is attainable at a moderate distance from New York and Boston. I must add that I cannot find in my heart to object, even on grounds the most æsthetic, to the very beautiful and excellent hotel at Ilfracombe, where such of my readers as are perchance actually wrestling with the summer-question may be interested to learn that one may live *en pension*, very well indeed, at a cost of ten shillings a day. I have paid very much more at some of our more modest summer resorts for very much less. I made the acquaintance at this establishment of that somewhat anomalous institution, the British *table d'hôte*, but I confess that, faithful to the duty of a sentimental tourist, I have retained a more vivid impression of the talk and the faces than of our *entrées* and *relevés*. I noticed here what I have often noticed before (the fact perhaps has never been duly recognized), that no people profit so eagerly as the English by the suspension of a common social law. A *table d'hôte*, being something abnormal and experimental, as it were, it produced, apparently, a complete reversal of the national characteristics. Conversation was universal—uproarious, almost; and I have met no vivacious Latin more confidential than a certain neighbor of mine; no speculative Yankee more inquisitive.

These are meagre memories, however, compared with those which cluster about that enchanting spot which is known in vulgar prose as Lynton. I am afraid I should seem an even more sentimental tourist than I pretend to be if I were to declare how vulgar all prose appears to me applied to Lynton with descriptive intent. The little village is perched on the side of one of the great mountain cliffs with which this whole coast is adorned, and on the edge of a lovely gorge through which a broad hill-torrent foams and tumbles from the great moors whose heather-crested waves rise purple along the inland sky. Below it, close beside the beach, where the little torrent meets the sea, is the sister village of Lynmouth. Here—as I stood on the bridge that spans the stream and looked at the strong backs and foundations and overclambering garden verdure of certain little gray old houses which plunge their feet into it, and then up at the tender green of scrub-oak and ferns and the flaming yellow of golden broom climbing the sides of the hills, and leaving them bare-crowned to the sun, like miniature mountains—I could have fancied the British Channel as blue as the Mediterranean and the village about me one of the hundred hamlets of the Riviera. The little *Castle* hotel at Lynton is a spot so consecrated to delicious repose—to sitting with a book in the terrace garden among blooming plants of aristocratic magnitude and rarity, and watching the finest piece of color in all nature—the glowing red and green of the great cliffs beyond the little harbor-mouth, as they shift and change and melt the livelong day, from shade to shade and ineffable tone to tone—that I feel as if in helping it to publicity I were doing it rather a disfavor than a service. It is in fact a very charming little abiding-place, and I have never known one where purchased hospitality wore a more disinterested smile. Lynton is of course a capital centre for excursions, but two or three of which I had time to make. None is more beautiful than a simple walk along the running face of the cliffs to a singular rocky eminence where curious abutments and pinnacles of stone have caused it to be named the “Castle.” It has a fantastic resemblance to some hoary feudal ruin, with crumbling towers and gaping chambers, tenanted by wild sea-birds. The late afternoon light had a way, while I was at Lynton, of lingering on until within a couple of hours of midnight, and I remember among the charmed moments of English travel none of a more vividly poetical tinge than a couple of evenings spent on the summit of this all but legendary pile, in company with the slow-coming darkness, and the short, sharp cry of the sea-mews. There are places whose very aspect is a story. This jagged and pinnacled crust-wall, with the rock-strewn valley behind it, into the shadow of one of whose boulders, in the foreground, the glance wandered in search of the lurking signature of Gustave Doré, be-

longed certainly, if not to history, to legend. As I sat watching the sullen calmness of the unbroken tide at the dreadful base of the cliffs (where they divide into low sea-caves, making pillars and pedestals for the fantastic imagery of their summits), I kept for ever repeating, as if they contained a spell, half a dozen words from Tennyson's “*Idylls of the King*”:

“On wild Tintagil, by the Cornish Sea.”

False as they were to the scene geographically, they seemed somehow to express its essence; and, at any rate, I leave it to any one who has lingered there with the lingering twilight to say whether you can respond to the almost mystical picturesqueness of the place better than by spouting some sonorous line from an English poet.

The last stage in my visit to North Devon was the long drive along the beautiful remnant of coast and through the rich pastoral scenery of Somerset. The whole broad spectacle that one dreams of viewing in a foreign land, to the homely music of a post-boy's whip, I saw on this admirable drive—breezy highlands clad in the warm blue-brown of heather-tufts, as if in mantles of rusty velvet, little bays and coves curving gently to the doors of clustered fishing-buts, deep pastures and broad forests, villages thatched and trellised as if to take a prize for local color, manor-tops peeping over rook-haunted avenues. I ought to make especial note of an hour I spent at mid-day at the little village of Porlock, in Somerset. Here the thatch seemed steeper and heavier, the yellow roses on the cottage walls more cunningly mated with the crumbling stucco, the dark interiors within the open doors more quaintly pictorial, than elsewhere; and as I loitered, while the horses rested, in the little cool old timber-steeped, yew-shaded church, betwixt the grim-seated manorial pew and the battered tomb of a crusading knight and his lady, and listened to the simple prattle of a blue-eyed old sexton, who showed me where, as a boy, in scantier corduroys, he had scratched his name on the recumbent lady's breast, it seemed to me that this at last was old England indeed, and that in a moment more I should see Sir Roger de Coverley marching up the aisle; for certainly, to give a proper account of it all, I should need nothing less than the pen of Mr. Addison.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF THIERS.

PARIS, July 19, 1872.

THE session of the French Chamber is coming to an end, and it will not be inopportune to sum up its results, in a diplomatic, in a military, in a financial, and in a political sense. A final convention has been signed with Germany, and it can hardly be called satisfactory. The Treaty of Frankfurt assured the complete liberation of the French soil on the 1st of May, 1874, on the payment of a ransom of five milliards. Two milliards have been paid, and in a few days a new loan will be issued for three milliards. This loan will undoubtedly be covered, as the credit of France is still good, and its resources have shown an extraordinary amount of elasticity. But the conversion of three milliards in paper-money into gold, and the payment of this vast sum of gold at Berlin, are operations which require time; the monetary markets of the whole world would suffer too great a perturbation if such an enormous sum in specie were suddenly withdrawn from one place to another. The Government of France, instructed by the experience of the last year, has been obliged to ask for a delay of one year. It has reserved its privilege of anticipating its payments; but I have good reason to think that it will not be able to make use of this liberty; practically, the French territory will be occupied one year more than was stipulated in the Treaty of Frankfurt; and Germany, in return for the delay which she has conceded to us, has exacted some new conditions, such as the neutralization of all the departments successively liberated, and the permission to keep an army of occupation of 50,000 men till the very last day, maintained, of course, by France. I am therefore obliged to consider the new treaty as an aggravation of the Treaty of Frankfurt. After eighteen months, the diplomatic position of France does not seem to be as good as in the days of the Commune. Germany will keep Belfort, which is the key of Alsace, a year longer than we then hoped. The French have unfortunately a sort of Chinese wall around their minds, and will never be brought to examine what foreigners think of their affairs. But on this occasion it was hardly possible to be blind to the fact that Germany felt now more stringent, more inimical than on the day after the war, and that Europe had not tried to make an appeal to the generosity of our conquerors.

What can be the reason for this? Is it simply because the world applauds the strong and has no compassion for the weak? Is it because the European monarchies cannot see with much satisfaction that France is still a republic, at least in name? I think not. The true reason of the coldness of Europe and of the severity of Germany must be looked for in our financial and military policy. If M. Thiers

had simply kept a nucleus of an army, let us say, 100,000 men; if the regiments, the cadres formed by Gambetta, had been broken to pieces; if the President had shown a serious desire to adopt a pacific policy, the circumstances would be different. The Chamber, during its laborious session, has voted a new military law; it was its object to adopt the Prussian system, founded on a short term of service, so as to have a small army in peace, a large army in war. M. Thiers, who is very hostile to the Prussian system, wished to have an army of old soldiers, and to have it as large as possible. The system adopted is a sort of bastard plan; the population will be divided into five-years soldiers and six-months soldiers. This is not the place to discuss its merits from a military point of view. I will only say here that it will give to the Government an army of 400,000 men on the peace footing, which involves an enormous expense. In the budget of 1872, I find that M. Thiers's army will cost the country 100,000,000 francs more than the army of Napoleon III., with its expensive Imperial Guard. Germany and Europe had no right to interfere in this work of reorganization of the French army; but, surely, M. de Moltke knows better than anybody that M. Thiers has now 150 regiments of infantry, 30 regiments of artillery, and 80 regiments of cavalry; and that his intention, often expressed in the Chamber, is never to have in his infantry regiments less than 2,000 men. For a peace establishment, this is assuredly the most gigantic that can be imagined.

As it involves great expense, and as the war and the ransom to Germany add new burdens to the country, M. Thiers had to shape his financial policy not in the direction of retrenchment and economy, but in the direction of extravagance. After the war *à outrance*, we have had taxation *à outrance*. At first, M. Thiers promised 120,000,000 of economies and asked for 420,000,000 of new taxes. This last number was swollen in several successive speeches to 500,000,000, 600,000,000, and it has now attained 700,000,000. M. Thiers has always been a protectionist, and the tax he most cherished was a tax on all raw materials, that is, on all the elements of industry. The Chamber, more imbued with sound principles of political economy, voted in January against this tax, and on this occasion M. Thiers threatened to retire. Since then, every possible tax has been tried and discussed; means have been found to put the budget of 1871 and the budget of 1872 in equilibrium, but still M. Thiers wants more money. He attacked bitterly (and it is always easy to attack a tax) all the taxes proposed by the Commission of the Budget. Now, at this late period of the session, he says he must have not only an equilibrium, but a surplus; he contests the calculations of the Commission, and he again asks the Chamber to vote the tax on raw materials. Since January last, the position of parties has been reversed; the Left is now Ministerial. As M. Thiers has gone further and further from the "pact of Bordeaux," and shown more and more determination to favor the republican solution of our political crisis, the Republicans have rallied more and more round him. They all voted in January against the tax on raw materials; now it is very probable that they will vote for it. They sacrifice their principles to a higher object; in order to save the republican form of government, they are ready to make every sacrifice to M. Thiers.

But this financial question, besides its domestic importance, has an importance abroad. The protective policy has induced M. Thiers to give notice of terminating our commercial treaty with England; and it is certain now that we shall do the same by all our commercial treaties one after the other. M. Thiers intends to reconquer what he calls the fiscal liberty of France. But will not this policy isolate France more completely in Europe? England, Belgium, Switzerland, will lose much by the adoption of a protective policy in France. Germany will do its best to draw within the sphere of its own attraction these small powers, Belgium and Switzerland, who were becoming under a free-trade policy more and more tied to our interests. The United States adopted a high protective policy at the end of a glorious war, in order to pay the interest on the national debt and to make a sinking fund. But your Republic is the undisputed master of a continent. It has enormous resources, mineral and others, to develop, and it has nothing to fear from any neighbor. And, notwithstanding these exceptional advantages, America will certainly by degrees lower its tariff, and return to a free-trade policy. The case of France is different. France is vanquished; France must consider her neighbors; France cannot afford to remain insensible to the feelings and interests of England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. M. Thiers has, in my opinion, committed a fault of the first magnitude in going back to a protective policy, especially as he cannot plead the excuse of an immediate necessity, and as the commercial and industrial classes were ready to bear all the burdens which could be placed on them. To sum up my opinion, the military system of M. Thiers on one side, and his commercial policy on the other, have isolated France in Europe, and have rendered her position even more difficult than it was some time ago.

But, will you say, why did not the Chamber, which was imbued in its majority with sounder ideas, force them on the President? I will answer

in one word: because we have not, under the name of a republic, a real republic. There is no constitution, therefore there is no higher law, which defines the powers of the executive and of the legislative power, no buffer between these two forces. M. Thiers is the chosen delegate of a sovereign house; but he does not live apart, like a constitutional king or a president. He has no responsible cabinet, and he is alone responsible. There is no real sanction to his responsibility, like the re-election and the various checks offered by the American Constitution to the excesses of the executive. His tenure of office has no limit, except the self-dissolution of the Chamber. The sovereign or pseudo-sovereign Assembly can only get rid of him by killing itself, and it dares not dissolve, because the state of the country is not sufficiently reassuring. What are the consequences of this anomalous state of things? M. Thiers comes to the Chamber, and talks and struggles. Day after day he mounts the tribune. I have heard him make three speeches in one sitting. What sort of resistance can be made to him? If there is an adverse vote, he immediately threatens to resign. He did resign once or twice, and the Chamber had to ask him humbly to remain. But, it may be asked, is M. Thiers a necessary man? I am afraid to say yes; not because he is necessary, but because he is thought necessary. He has treated with Germany, he has conquered the Commune; but this might be forgotten. His chief utility is this: so long as he is where he is, the question of monarchy *versus* republic remains in suspense. If a man is learning to swim, he will only feel comfortable where he knows that the water is not too deep; one foot further he knows he may be drowned. M. Thiers keeps monarchy and republic both above water, and though he abuses often and ill-treats every party, he never brings them where some of them are sure to be drowned. It is a curious phenomenon in history. Here is a man who, at the age of seventy-five years, is the only possible ruler of a great country which calls itself a republic. We are living from day to day. Everybody knows that when he disappears there will be something more than a parliamentary dispute.

It is very strange for those who have studied the true character of republican institutions that during this feverish agitation nobody seems to care to know what the French people want. Everybody talks of Thiers, and MacMahon, and the Duc d'Aumale. But where is the French people—the people who will pay these enormous taxes, who will give their sons for this new tremendous army? The people have no voice. The press is the instrument of personal ambitions; it does not look, like the great papers of England and of America, for public opinion. There are millions of honest men in France who are only waiting for the establishment of a definitive government to give it their allegiance. But they are unable to make this government themselves, and their representatives have confided the exercise of their own authority to an old statesman who has no monarchical or republican principles, and who only believes in himself.

THE HUGUENOTS IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, July 16.

I WITNESSED the other day a celebration, which passed off nearly unnoticed by the public of this city, but which in more than one respect deserves the attention not only of the whole Prussian people, but also of your nation. On the 10th of June it was, two hundred years since and under the auspices of the great Elector, Frederick William, that Count Louis Beauvau d'Espenses succeeded in celebrating at Berlin the first French Protestant service, for the benefit of the Huguenots who by the cruel measures of Louis XIV. were driven from their country. The second centenary return of this remarkable day was celebrated with solemn rites by the French Protestant congregation of this city. In the course of years, especially after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (April, 1685), which the great Elector answered with the Edict of Potsdam (October, 1685), inviting all Huguenots to his dominions, and securing to them protection of person as well as liberty of conscience, these first French emigrants were followed by thousands and hundreds of thousands of their brethren. Large numbers of them fled to the Netherlands or to England, and thence, or directly, to your country; but the greater part went to Germany, and about 300,000 of these settled in Brandenburg—i.e., in Prussia. Here Berlin soon became their central place of residence. The electors, and later the kings, found it for their interest to attract and protect this French immigration in every possible way. They endowed it with the most liberal rights and privileges. The French colonists, as they were called, had their separate jurisdiction, their separate schools and churches. The property given to them by the government in Berlin alone, is now worth more than a million of thalers. The descendants of the Huguenots have still their college (gymnasium), where, up to the present day, the instruction in all its branches in French is obligatory; and I may say in passing that a poor enough French it is, as the teachers now are all good Berliners or Northern Germans. Of the churches of Berlin, one of

the finest, the northern one on the Gensdarmen-Markt, belongs to them. Here the sermons are not any longer delivered in the obligatory French, for the sole reason that the language has not been practised enough by the present generation.

This far-sighted policy of the Prussian rulers has been amply rewarded by the French immigrants. The new element entered into the body of the Prussian people, which had been exhausted and impoverished by long and cruel wars, like an infusion of new blood. Wherever it came, it created new life out of ruin and destruction, revived manufactures, trade, and commerce, and brought higher ideas and nobler aspirations into the intellectual life of the Germans. For these Huguenots were not only richer and more expert than their German contemporaries, but—applying a much misused term of our day—they marched at the head of civilization. To convey to you an idea of their ready means and wealth, I give you an instance, which I found in the English Parliamentary Debates. In London the French Huguenots had deposited one million of pounds sterling in the Bank of England. In order to keep the money in the country, and to attract even more capital, the English Parliament, in 1709, passed an act for the naturalization of foreigners, who, by the charter of the Bank, had thus far been prohibited from making deposits in the same. The preamble of this bill states the above fact.*

The intellectual and moral power of these immigrants, however, was of even more consequence. On the Rhine, in Magdeburg, and in the Mark Brandenburg, their skillful weavers laid the foundation of the present greatness of our silk, velvet, and cloth manufactures. The superior skill of their tanners and paper-makers gave a new impulse to improvement in these trades. Their artisans, with a developed and cultivated taste, created a superior workmanship, and that artistic fineness for which Berlin especially is justly renowned. Their high moral tone—not to speak of their more refined manners and habits—and their elevation of mind, formed and matured in their sufferings for an idea, exercised an ennobling influence on the comparatively ruder minds of the Germans, who, just emerging from poverty and prostration, were striving for higher ideas and a more civilized enjoyment of life.

The Prussian army, then just being created, gained some of its best superior officers from the French Huguenots. In consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, six hundred French officers resigned at once, a great number of whom applied for and obtained admission in Brandenburg. Their cultured manners, their high sense of honor, and their practical experience in war, made them a very valuable and beneficial acquisition. Names like those of Marshal Forcade de Biaix, Generals de la Motte Fouquet, Du Trossel, De Hautcharmoix, De Béville, Des Granges, De Chaumontet, and De l'Estocq, shine on the brightest pages of Prussian military history. Louis XIV., who pillaged and sacked the finest parts of Southwestern Germany, and who, to satisfy the lust of his priests and mistresses, made a desert of the rich and lovely Palatinate, involuntarily atoned for his sins by driving the best and most industrious part of his people into foreign exile, thus developing the resources and the slumbering abilities of his most bitter foes.

These reminiscences came to me while contemplating the insignificant and even stupid countenances of the clergy who had been invited to take part in the celebration of the day. I will not tire you by giving the details of the proceedings, which were of a rather commonplace character. Instead of following the dull sermon of the preacher, let me point out here those incidents in the history of the Huguenot emigration which have a similarity to the character and relations of European immigration into the United States. While other sciences have been furthered by a comparative study in their bearing upon each other and upon the human intellect, the history of emigration has been most sadly neglected in this respect.

I can only wonder why the thought never occurred to some young American historian to study ancient emigration, and that of the Middle Ages, and to compare it with the emigration to his own country, thereby setting the vast influence which it has exerted, and is still exerting, on the development of the American national character and history, in its proper light.

The history of the Huguenot emigration is very instructive to the American reader, as it develops the particular phases which also characterize the present European immigration into the United States. There are three periods in the history of the former. In the first of them (1635-1715) the religious interests gradually draw back, making room for the national differences; in the second (1715-1760) France loses her intellectual hold on the emigrants, as she had lost it bodily long before; while in the third (1760-1815) the Huguenots amalgamate themselves with their new country, and become Germans in heart and sentiment.

In the beginning the Huguenots believed that their stay in Germany would only be temporary. Homeward they looked for their friends and relatives, for the more genial climate and kinder associations, for all which a German who knows the political and social condition of his country at that time will be the last to blame them. In Berlin they did not build a church for fear of being retained by it when the hour of return should be at hand. In October, 1696, a commission was formed for going back to France—but in vain. Louis XIV., in the Ryswick peace, refused to grant his "disobedient" subjects the permission to return home, though the Protestant powers—England, Holland, Sweden, and Brandenburg—had joined them in the request. But, nevertheless, they did not give up the hope of a favorable change. They now waited for the death of their cruel oppressor, and continued to live in the faith of their fathers, separate from their German fellow-citizens, considering these their inferiors in every respect. Louis, however, did not die before 1715. The good French patriots, in the meantime, grew tired of waiting, settled in business or married, and finally gave up all hope and wish of return.

They now became very active and useful members of the German communities in which they lived. Forming a separate organization, and retaining their language and customs, their religious interests no longer stood in the foreground, as they could worship just as they pleased. They intermarried with Germans, entered the military and civil service of Prussia, and made themselves useful in all branches of industry, science, and art. The German who married into the "colony" derived a great many advantages from his connection with it; he became, so to say, a shareholder in its property, and obtained through his wife substantial benefits for the education of his children. For this, if for no other reason, the French girls were much courted and sought after.

During this second period, the Germanization of French names increased. Thus Le Clerc was changed into Klerike, Hennequin into Hennike, La Croix into Kreuz, Poirier into Birnbaum, Dupré into Wiese, D'Ange into Engels, Laforgue into Schmidt, Hareng into Häring ("Willibald Alexis," the well-known novelist, whose real name was Häring, belonged to this family), Boutemont into Buttmann (the celebrated philologist's family), Belier into Widder. In a smaller proportion we find German names Gallicized, evidently by the Huguenots, who spelt them according to their pronunciation; thus Chenin for Schöning, Stosse for Stosch, Chendalar for Schönthaler. Of all the French colonists in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, from 1685 to 1725, out of a hundred only two or three names have a German form; from 1725 to 1730, already twenty; and from 1750 to 1800, not less than thirty. Of the one hundred and eighty-four Huguenot names which, between 1686 and 1700, are mentioned in the records of the French church of that town, only twenty-five remained between 1725 and 1730, ten between 1750 and 1800, and only three in 1853—so entirely were they gradually converted into German.

These translations are more sensible and more correct than those which are daily made by the Germans of the United States. Not to speak of the many young Jewish clerks who make out of their common German family name of Löwenstein an aristocratic American *Livingston*, or out of an ordinary Schönberger a more dignified *Belmont*, I will give you a ridiculous example, which I found, if I am not mistaken, in Mr. Friedrich Kapp's "History of German Immigration into the United States." A German farmer by the name of Feuerstein arrived in the last century in Pennsylvania. When settled, his American neighbors told him that his name was too German, and that he ought to translate it into good English, whereupon he called himself Flint. A few years later, Flint moved westward, and settled among Germans, who, in their innocence of the English language, took the English word Flint for the German word Flinte, and thereupon advised him to change it into its supposed corresponding English meaning. Flint, learning that Flinte was synonymous with fowling-piece, musket, gun, now adopted Musket as his family name. Feuerstein-Flint-Flinte-Musket, in the course of years, emigrated into another county, where his neighbors, struck with his extraordinary name, prevailed upon him to alter it into Gun. Although having gone through a fourfold metamorphosis, Gun's son did not stop here. Not liking the last name of his father, and taking it for a corrupted John, he transformed it into Johnson. This man is said to have been the father of Andy Johnson. Whether this genealogy of the Ex-President is a correct one must, of course, be left to the higher criticism of the American historians.

To resume the subject, it took the French immigrants more than a century to become Germans fully. The fault lay less in them than with the Germans, who but too often treated their new fellow-citizens with narrow-mindedness, jealousy, and envy. They only unwillingly acknowledged the superiority of the French in arts, manufacture, and commerce. In Prussia the emigrants were much better off than in other parts of Germany. The so-called free imperial cities, which ought to have done everything in their power to attract

* This short-lived act naturalized all foreign Protestants who chose to reside in England. It was repealed in 1711 in consequence of the clamor of the Londoners.—ED. NATION.

the thrifty emigrants and to strengthen themselves by the accession, met them with the utmost rigor and even meanness. In Hamburg they obtained only in 1761 and in Frankfort-on-Main only in 1788 the free government of their church. In the latter city especially, a Know-Nothingism manifested itself which had its origin in the lowest possible greed, grudging them their livelihood. The Frankfort burghers apprehended that they would be outdone by the Huguenots in the pursuit of their trade, and concealed their shabby economical fears behind those religious scruples which were prevalent at that time among the followers of Luther and Calvin.

It must be said, to the great praise of the Huguenots, that their descendants in the wars against the French and Napoleon were the most enthusiastic German patriots, and that without a single exception, in 1813 and 1815, they took up arms to drive out the French invaders. Since 1815, they are Prussians heart and soul, and only here and there are we reminded by a public institution, or a French name or a celebration like the present one, that we once had a large French "colony" amongst us. It is the old law which has taken place in this instance too, a comparatively small number, the *disjecta membra* of a great nation, must dissolve and amalgamate themselves with the other great nation in which they settle. Thus the German, English, and Irish immigrants into the United States will, as the Huguenots gradually grew good Germans, also in the course of one generation or two lose their national individualities and become each a homogeneous part of the American people. All plans of establishing a German, Irish, or English State within the territory of the Union, or of retaining another language than the English, must fail; they are beforehand doomed to defeat; and those who now entertain such ideas will in a few years be the best and most earnest citizens of the Great Republic.

RUECKWANDERER.

Correspondence.

THE BUTLER DINNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that you, as well as the rest of mankind, are quite unconcerned as to who presided at that "Butler dinner," so long as it was not Horace Greeley. But, as my name has been given in the *Nation* and elsewhere as the president of an "occasion" which has again been made the subject of some newspaper gabble, will you allow me, while not proposing to apologize to anybody, or feeling the slightest twinge of conscience about the matter, to say a few words?

An invitation was received to attend the dinner to Mr. Butler, who, it appeared, was about to leave the country as Consul-General to Egypt, by Grant's appointment. The invitation came from a gentleman who is, I believe, generally recognized as virtuous and respectable, who was never, so far as I know, accused of breaking any of the commandments or laws, and whom I had known as a learned and lively writer. With Butler himself I was entirely unacquainted, never having seen him, and knowing nothing of him except that he had received an important official appointment.

On reaching the place at the appointed time, I found a company of what are called "distinguished individuals"—representatives of the bench and bar, Wall-Street men and bankers, editors and writers from nearly all the newspaper offices in the city.* You have quoted from the *Tribune* the names of a few of them; but, besides these, there were many who, I believe, pass for decent and solid men. Presently "the master of ceremonies" told me that Mr. Greeley, who had been asked to preside, could not attend, and that I must take his place.

Now, these being the circumstances, was the present editor who took part in the affair guilty of anything? Undoubtedly there are circumstances in which one should be held responsible for the character, conduct, and antecedents of those with whom he sits at table, as host or guest. Look, then, at a few experiences.

A short time before the Butler dinner I attended a public banquet at Delmonico's to Charles Dickens, at which Horace Greeley presided, and at which I found the editor of the *Nation* and many other of my editorial *confrères*. Did we, by our presence, endorse the personal or marital virtue of Dickens, or the morality or elevating influence of his works?

About the same time I attended a public dinner to a Democratic senator, from whom I differed in political views. Did I, or did Mr. Bryant and the other Republicans there, endorse by our presence Senator Casserly's politics? Certainly not in the after-dinner speeches.

About the same time I attended a public dinner to a military general for whose genius and career I had not the most exalted admiration. Did I compromise myself?

* As for two of the respectable men among these gentlemen, those connected with the *World*, they have since stated that they were not present.—ED. NATION.

In short, may not an editor or other person be often called on to take part in affairs at which he will meet all sorts of people? Could not one attend a dinner to Pericles without justifying his private life, or to Dante without accepting his religious ideas, or to Jean Paul without admiring his style, or to Captain Nolan without approving the cavalry charge into the mouth of hell which Tennyson once supposed he had made? Couldn't you accept an invitation from the Pope without being a Catholic or send one to Metternich without being an absolutist? I would not attend a fête in honor of Caligula, because I believe he was a bad man; nor in honor of George Francis Train, because I consider him a quack.

I wish I could make this note shorter; but, in closing, I must relieve the *Times* from an imputation of the *Tribune*. Before the affair in question, my editorial connection with the *Times* had been dissolved, so that it was in no-wise responsible for my presence in the place previously assigned to Mr. Greeley.

JOHN SWINTON.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1872.

[As a general rule, it is no concern of ours where or with whom Mr. Swinton, Mr. Greeley, or anybody else dines. But we maintain that if any person takes part in a dinner given to celebrate the entrance of a notorious rascal into the civil service, or promises or agrees to take part in it, and is only prevented from doing so by circumstances in no way relating to the rascal's character, and if he makes, or causes, or permits to be made, in his newspaper, public proclamation of his regret at not having been present, and of his admiration of the rascal and kindly feeling towards him, that person is, *ipso facto*, estopped from abusing the President for making the appointment, and likewise for failing to cancel it. Moreover, if any gentleman offers himself as a Reform candidate for the Presidency, and asks people to take his word for it that he will put none but honest men in office, and will purify the Administration of the Government, and resist the bad influences to which all Presidents for thirty years have had to succumb, we hold that the company this gentleman keeps, the kind of persons he helps to fête and recommends for office, form a legitimate subject of enquiry, as lending aid in forming a judgment as to the value of his promises. Mr. Swinton not having done any of these things to our knowledge, and having received no nomination for either the first or second place on the Presidential ticket in any of the recent distributions of this honor, we have nothing to say as to the ethics of his appearance at the Butler dinner, or any other. But we must be permitted to observe that there is an obvious defect in all the illustrations he cites. For instance, if Dickens were only known, or best known, as a man who had had serious differences with his wife, the public dinner to him would have been a very ridiculous affair; if it had, under such circumstances, been given to celebrate his appointment as a judge of the Matrimonial Causes and Divorce Court, it would have been worse than ridiculous. To celebrate by a dinner Butler's appointment to be the representative of the American people, and the guardian of their interests in a foreign country, was certainly an offence against the whole community, however harmless it might have been to give a dinner to Butler as a simple writer for the press.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

AS a supplement to our recent article noticing President Chadbourne's work on "Instinct in Animals," we wish to say a word about a curiosity which may be seen in the Museum of Brown University at Providence, R. I. There, among other objects of interest, are several thousand specimens of birds, together with a good showing of nests, and among the latter is the curiosity of which we speak. It appears to reveal an act of intelligence and knowledge entirely above the plane of instinct so called, and to be clearly referable to reason. A bird had built her nest in a tree, hanging from a slender branch, not much larger than a pipe-stem, which grew out of a small limb about half an inch in diameter. Passing over the use of strings wound around the branch, the ends of which were incorporated in the nest, to assist in holding it suspended, and which is no new expedient in nest-building, we wish to call attention to a remarkable device of this bird to meet an unexpected emergency. After the nestlings were hatched, and had grown well towards maturity, their increasing weight revealed the weakness of the

branch, and the mother-bird seems to have become alarmed for the safety of her brood. What should she do? The case might well have seemed remediless to a creature necessitated, as we are told, to work ignorantly and blindly in a prescribed routine, over which she had no control. She had found her mistake in selecting so slender a branch to support her house and cradle, and must have been appalled by the threatened consequences. But "instinct," or else good sense, came to her assistance. She had some knowledge of the functions of a string, of its strength, of its pliability, and of the mode of attaching it to a twig by winding it round and round, and, perchance, of tucking under the end to prevent uncoiling—a convenient substitute for a knot. But it was necessary to advance a long step beyond this; and after tying one end of the string to the branch which supported the nest, to carry up the other to the main branch and tie that also, as well as stretch it tight. Could a tiny bird effect this process of reasoning? If she could, was the act itself within the compass of her physical powers, with but a beak and talons in the place of hands? This is the precise remedy the bird got at and carried into execution. The nest itself attests and records the fact. All we know of it we take from this witness. To save her little family, she sought and found a piece of twine several inches in length, wound it several times around the branch outside of her nest, and, having made it secure, then carried up the string to the main branch, over which she drew it as tight as she was able, and wound it around several times until it held firmly. Thus, as a guy, it supported the slender branch with its own strength, and prevented it from breaking under the weight of the nest and its occupants. The professor in charge of the Museum himself took the nest from a tree on or near his own premises. He should have it photographed, and send the picture to the *Naturalist*, with a precise and minute description; and this should attend particularly to the probable objection that some kind person did the mother-bird the service of making a safe nest safer.

—A Brooklyn correspondent, noticing the imposition practised upon the editors of *Scribner's Monthly* by a writer who palmed off upon them as his own one of William Carleton's sketches, speaks of a similar cheat, of which Messrs. Harper & Brothers were the victims. Any editor is liable to be so imposed upon, and it is always desirable that exposure should be thorough and punishment merciless. Our correspondent writes as follows: "In your paper of the 1st inst., p. 79, you speak of an article in *Scribner's Magazine* which 'is stolen bodily, with but slight alterations,' etc. 'It is very impudent as a theft. . . . This reminds me of a similar theft in the number of *Harper's Monthly* for October, 1870 (pp. 698-709), in which a piece called 'The Detective' is stolen bodily, with slight alterations, from the *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. XXX., November, 1847, pp. 526-545, where it is called 'The Watcher.' As revamped for *Harper's*, the title, place, and names are changed, and there is a little condensing done, but the theft is unmistakable by any one who will take the trouble to glance at the two stories. I do not recollect seeing any exposure of this theft. It is not a reproduction from memory, for many parts are copied with only the necessary changes of words. 'The Watcher,' by the way, is a very strongly written story, and will well repay reading. If it is not true, it is remarkably well constructed."

—The letter of our correspondent M. N., setting forth his determination to keep his house cool hereafter, and a method of his devising by which the end desired could be attained, has called out many responses, and among others one from a Philadelphian, who says that a perfect method has already been discovered by a fellow-townsmen of his, and has been successfully applied in practice. "By this plan," he says, "a cargo of fresh beef was brought from Texas to Philadelphia last August—a distance of 2,500 miles, costing but a pound of ice for each pound of beef so carried. And a line of steamships especially devoted to this trade is now being built to bring beef from that remote point regularly to this and the New York market." Again he says: "Philadelphia has in use in one of her largest hotels an apartment of considerable size especially devoted to a keeping of its entire larder in a condition not surpassed in freshness by that recently culled from the gardens or brought from the market stalls. During the Republican Convention held here in June last, this wholesale refrigerator supplied all the guests of the house with provisions of all sorts, from tenderloin steaks to luscious strawberries. And, although thousands were daily fed at the table during this period, there was no occasion to go to market for extra supplies. Beef, poultry, and game, fish, butter, foreign and domestic fruits, eggs, milk, and vegetables of the most delicate nature, kept alike pure, sweet, and fresh within its walls." In a part of the city at some distance from the hotel above spoken of there is, it is stated, "an immense warehouse, capable of holding a ship's cargo if necessary, and in whose preserving rooms through all the torrid heats of July a temperature of forty degrees has been maintained." "Butter in there is solid and firm," says the correspondent of the *Bulletin*; "cucumbers are as crisp as those pulled from the vines in October,"

and he goes on through a list of eatable things which, as he enthusiastically declares, are "delightfully preserved and improved" by this cooling process. It is cheap, too, he asserts; nothing prevents a family even of limited means from having every room in the house, no matter how hot it is outside, at a temperature of fifty degrees if they choose, and sleeping under a blanket every night of the year. The process is, in fact, "nothing more than making an artificial winter by driving a current of air, by means of a fan, through a column or chest of ice"; and the very channels now in use in modern houses can be employed to cool them in summer as they are to heat them in winter. The order can be reversed by this mode to suit the change of season. "Place the ice chest on the upper floor, insulate it and protect it from outside radiation. Put up in its vicinity 'a clock-work arrangement' to drive the fan. Cold air, like shot, falls; and in falling, convey it by pipes to the stories below. Regulate the openings in each chamber by a series of registers, as you would heat. Keep the doors and windows closed as in winter time to exclude the outside air, and an ordinary dwelling-house can be kept at from forty-five to fifty degrees Fahrenheit as readily and at far less cost than keeping the same amount of space comfortable in winter by a heater in the cellar." A house supplied with this refrigerator would need only the next preceding "Yankee invention" to be an Earthly Paradise. Our readers have probably heard of the patent sheet-iron cat to be affixed to the roofs of houses desirous of possessing all the modern improvements. It is made of heavy sheet-iron, has an adjustable elastic tail, claws some inches in length firmly attached to legs movable by clockwork, and some internal machinery which enables it to make extremely provoking and irritating cries, which, while they insult, entice. All the natural cats in the neighborhood who happen to be at large are, upon hearing these yowls, in a manner compelled to the roof of the patent cat, and when assembled there to the number of one hundred they are destroyed in successive single combats and heard of no more. The writer in the *Bulletin* suggests that his method be tried in theatres and hospitals, and says, "Think of what a blessing such a temperature would be to the sick patient tossing with fever in midsummer," and he adds, "Besides, the air in passing through the body of ice is not only chilled but disinfected, and to take it into the lungs is like quaffing a draught of champagne or inhaling the frosty atmosphere from a mountain top in October."

—The London *Economist* (June 29) has been studying the question of the world's gold coinage during the past twenty-four years as the best measure of the total production of gold in that period, and with a view to ascertaining how far this production has caused, or if continued is likely to cause, a depreciation in the value of gold and a consequent rise in prices. In 1848, it says, the current estimate of the gold in the world was £560,000,000; since then the mints of France, England, Sydney, and the United States have coined £600,000,000 (France alone coining £260,000,000), of which at most one-third may be set down to recoinage. But along with this enormous production, due to the great gold discoveries in California and Australia, there has been "a great diminution in the rate of coinage since 1857-59, when the climax of activity, which began in 1851, was obtained"—a fact which by itself would indicate that there had been a check to production. Again, France has coined more than twice as much as England, which has a far greater trade, and virtually coins for Brazil, Portugal, and other countries. Consequently, it has absorbed a large part of the new gold, the disposition of the people to hoard having been stimulated by the disorders of 1848-52. Other circumstances that tend to neutralize the increased supply of gold are the increase of population and the increase of wealth in the countries making use of a gold coinage since 1848. Omitting France, which substitutes gold for silver, the coinage since 1848 has been £333,000,000, or an increase of 60 per cent. on the previously existing stock. Meantime, the United Kingdom has added 14.3 per cent. to its inhabitants, the United States 77.3, and the Australian colonies enough to make the average increase about 44.5 per cent. Further, in the United Kingdom the property assessed to income tax has increased 70 per cent., its exports of staple articles 100 to 300 per cent., its coal and iron products 60 and 53 per cent., its imports of cotton and wool for home consumption 72 and 167 per cent. Per contra, the spread of banking in England, and the introduction of inconvertible currencies into France and the United States, should tend to aggravate the result of an increased supply of gold. On the whole, it appears that the checks and balances are sufficient to avert the threatened disaster, or at least to prevent financiers from predicting it with any certainty; the growing intimacy and complexity of international relations almost defy their attempts to assign causes to effects or to trace exactly the effects of causes. There is no need, therefore, of being alarmed just yet about the over-production of gold, though the subject is worth all the study that can be given to it.

—Mr. Edward Whympers contributes to *Nature* (July 11) a very interesting paper on Alpine maps, which he introduces with the statement: "The

Alps are not likely to be thoroughly explored for several generations yet to come; and I doubt not that it will be possible for men half a century hence to spend their ten or twelve seasons in the Alps, and still to find at the end of their time valleys which have not been described or even visited." He praises in the highest terms the Government map of Switzerland, on a scale of 1:100,000 of nature, in 25 sheets, commonly called the "Carte Dufour," in honor of Gen. Guillaume Henri Dufour, under whose immediate direction all the drawings and plates, and a great part of the survey, were made. Speaking of "its almost faultless expression of every variety of mountain form," Mr. Whympster remarks: "It would be a poor compliment to it to say only that one can distinguish upon it slopes from precipices, jagged ridges from rugged ground, and the 'ice-falls' of the glaciers from the gentle undulating snowy slopes of the upper regions. . . . The mountaineer sees the Alps before him with all their marvellous diversity of architecture; nay, more, he can fix his line of assault, and will say, 'Here, if anywhere, the summit may be gained.'" Since 1869 the Swiss have undertaken a still greater map, to be complete in 545 sheets—the portion comprising the plains and the Jura on the scale of 1:250,000, the Alpine portion on a scale of 1:500,000. Finally, a reduction of the Carte Dufour is being made at Berne, on a scale of 1:250,000, in four sheets. It is a copperplate map, and will be sold at the low price of 10 francs, the price of the original Dufour being forty francs, and that of the monster map of 545 sheets one franc for each sheet. The French are very backward in the cartography of their own Alps, and "the greater part of the Department of Hautes-Alpes, and the whole of the Departments of the Basses-Alpes and of the Var (to say nothing of Nice) remain unmapped." The work that has been done is very inferior to the Swiss, and by no means trustworthy in the topographical details. Even Capt. Mieulet (of the Etat-Major), who surveyed the range of Mont Blanc, was anticipated if not surpassed by an English amateur, Mr. Reilly, whose map was published in June, 1865, at the expense of the Alpine Club. The Club has also published for Mr. Reilly an important map of the Central Pennines, and is now superintending a new map of the Central Alps on a scale of 1:250,000, extending not so far to the north, but embracing more on the south than the Swiss map of the same scale.

—The intellectual activity of Prussia is beginning to tell beyond her borders. In Austria there are calls for university reform. The universities are said to need a thorough regeneration to put them on a footing with the rest of Germany. To this end, it is urged, the old system which gives preference to Austrian-born candidates should be abandoned, and the best men from all Germany should be called to professorial chairs. "We admit," says the *Deutsche Zeitung*, a Vienna journal, with some bitterness, "that the best men cost the most. Yet one would think that a state which squanders its hundreds of thousands for strong lungs and nimble legs, and for new theatres and barracks its millions, might put by a little sum for the universities." It is further demanded that sectarian barriers should be broken down; and it is insisted on as a matter of primary importance that the rector of the university must be chosen by the professors. These demands from Austria sound a little strange in America, where professors are so jealously excluded from all share in academic elections, where calls from one university to another are infrequent, and where a man's fitness for a professorship may be decided not so much by his scholarship or science, as by his views on predestination, the Trinity, or infant baptism.

—The Vatican Library being utterly unfurnished with modern books, and very difficult of access, it has been proposed to establish in Rome a public library devoted to the collection of works on the history of that city. The foundation of special libraries has been common of late. There is a Shakespeare library, for example, at Stratford, a Dante library at Dresden, and a Russo-historical library of 30,000 volumes at St. Petersburg. There is no lack of printed books on the history of modern Rome, and if funds are forthcoming a large Roman library can speedily be formed, which would soon begin to attract to itself historical, biographical, and genealogical manuscripts, of which there is an abundant store in the archives of Italian families. A society for the publication of such materials will soon be organized. In former times Italy could point with pride to the great works of Muratori, Tiraboschi, Savioli. The present generation has done little; and with regard to Rome, Rossi's "Inscriptiones Christianæ" is almost the only late work of importance by an Italian; by foreigners we have Burns's "Rome and the Campagna," Hare's "Walks in Rome," and Wey's handsome "Souvenirs et Descriptions." It is to be hoped that native diligence and learning will rival these.

—We were in error, the other day, when we said that Ainsworth, the novelist, took his "Tower of London" from "La Danse Macabre." It was his "Old Saint Paul's" which he got from that source.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.*

MR. BALCH has applied himself to filling a gap in our Revolutionary annals for which it is not difficult to account, but which it is a little remarkable should not earlier have engaged the serious attention of a competent historiographer, either French or American. "Not only," says our author, "do we not possess a precise and circumstantial account of the French intervention in America during the War of Independence, but even the materials for it are wanting or scattered. To this day, for example, have never been published the names of the French regiments, with their list of officers, nor the composition of the squadrons, nor the exact march of the troops, nor the true order of battles, nor of the losses sustained" (p. 5). Mr. Balch has been particularly fortunate in acquiring inedited manuscripts and rare and original documents, which he catalogues in the proper place; and, to the first-rate qualification for his task of being a Philadelphian, has added long residence in France, with access to the military and naval archives of that country. The present volume is only the first part of the entire work. It treats of the causes of the Revolution, gives a summary view of events down to the year 1781, and a complete narrative of the expedition of the French corps under the command of Rochambeau (1780-83). The second part (which, to judge by the amplitude of material, might easily make two volumes) will possess a still higher interest, inasmuch as it will embrace historic notices of the French regiments which came to America, biographical notices of the French volunteers and regular officers, and "several episodes and interesting details, among which will be found an *aperçu* of American society of the epoch, as it appeared to the French officers who speak in their manuscripts and letters of the domestic life of a great number of American families of distinction." Something of this glimpse of the manners of the people, material progress of the principal towns, and the scenery of the country, we get in the volume before us—as where, for instance, we are told of the Bostonians of 1781 what we are apt to consider a traditional Philadelphian characteristic, that "the chief part of their time they devote to the table." But these touches are not more numerous than are needed to enliven the narrative, and can only be taken as samples of the good things in reserve.

Had Mr. Balch written directly for his countrymen, he would perhaps have modified his plan in some particulars. We have especial reference to Sections III., IV., and V., in which he goes back to the early settlement of America, and even to the "principles of government established by the Roman Empire, and adopted by the Romish Church," to arrive at the conclusion that, more than the greedy exploitation of the colonies by Imperial restrictions on their freedom of trade and industry, religious differences were the potent cause of their desire and struggle for a separation. The speculations on this head seem to us the least valuable portions of the work, and we seem to perceive the influence of the author's *milieu* when he indulges in such philosophizing as he treats us to in Section IV. "It may be remarked," he says (p. 25), "that the government of every people is generally the consequence of the religion which it professes"; and (p. 26) that "all forms of government may be practically reduced to three: monarchy, the immediate and necessary result of the belief in monotheism; oligarchy or aristocracy, which results from pantheism; and democracy or republic, the consequence of polytheism or of the belief in a Supreme Being fulfilling a multitude of functions." It would be curious to apply these generalizations to the map of Europe at any given period in modern history since Christianity gave us a "polytheistic" notion of the Supreme Being. They appear to us as vain as the thesis which we suspect to be implied in the titles of two pamphlets by the Rev. Thomas Smith, cited with approval by Mr. Balch (p. 27), namely: "Presbyterianism and the Revolution," and "The Real Origin of the Declaration of Independence." Published in English instead of in French, and for American readers, we doubt if Mr. Balch's judgment would have retained these passages, which now serve principally to increase the bulk of his work.

In his rapid sketch of the pioneers of French colonization in this country, he has fallen into inaccuracies which all the more disfigure a product of the French press. Those which we shall point out are found on pp. 43, 44. Father Marquette appears as "le P. jésuite Marquet," and the jolly but unscrupulous Friar Hennepin as "le père Hennequin," while the latter's companion, Du Gay, is transformed into the "sieur Dacan." Hennepin's ascent of the Mississippi is assigned to 1679 and 1680, whereas it was wholly within the second of these two years. In the next paragraph, describing La Salle's descent of the great river, it is stated that he set out from Quebec in 1682; but when that year opened he had already reached the present site of Chicago, and on the sixth of February his canoes were floating on the Mississippi. "He first betook himself," the narrative continues, "to the Illinois,

* "Les Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance des Etats-Unis 1777-1783. Par Thomas Balch." Paris: A. Sauton; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

where, with the consent of the Indians, he built a fort." But Fort Crève-cœur had been previously built, in 1650, while Fort St. Louis was not constructed till after his return from the Gulf in 1682. The sentence which succeeds describes what never took place: "Pendant qu'une partie de ses hommes remontaient le Mississippi en suivant la route du P. Hennequin, il descendit lui-même ce fleuve jusqu'au golfe du Mexique." The third paragraph states that in the following year (i.e., 1683) La Salle undertook to return by way of the mouth of the Mississippi. The true date is 1684. "The smiling and fertile country in which he established himself received the name of Louisiana." La Salle had so called it two years before, though the reader might not infer this from the context. Grammatical carelessness in the passage which we here give in the original (p. 44) has made it perfectly unintelligible: "Le territoire sur lequel on établissait ces forts avait été découvert par La Salle, comme nous l'avons vu. Suivant le droit des gens de cette époque, il envoya un officier français, Céleron, pour en prendre officiellement possession." Here the pronoun which we have italicized has no antecedent except La Salle, while a foot-note explicitly says: "The date is Aug. 16, 1749."

All these mistakes (except the last) might have been avoided if the author had consulted Mr. Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," which appeared in 1869—in ample time, we should judge, to have reached Paris before the city was overtaken by the catastrophe of the war, though Mr. Balch may have proceeded too far with his publication to avail himself of this authority. Certainly appeared too late for him French's "Historical Collections of Louisiana and Florida" (New Series, 1870), with its translation of Penicaut's "Annals of Louisiana," referred to in the note on page 43 as a "manuscrit inédit," containing "de curieux renseignements non imprimés." The foot-note on page 59 shows that another source, also relating to his subject, was beyond the reach of our author. "The Memoirs of La Fayette," it runs, "from which we borrow this information, mentions among others the Baron de Kalb" as one of the officers who came over with La Fayette on his first voyage. Dr. Friedrich Kapp's "Life of John Kalb" (privately printed in 1870) would have rendered this fact anything but conjectural for Mr. Balch, and would probably have prevented his putting it in a foot-note as something incidental to his subject, whereas it has the closest connection with it. As he does not allude to De Kalb again, except to record his being killed at the battle of Camden, either among the volunteers who accompanied La Fayette, preceded him, or shortly followed him (p. 72), or among the "étrangers" Pulaski, Kosciuszko, and Steuben, to each of whom he says he has given particular notice in his second part, we fear Kalb may not be included among the "grand nombre d'autres moins connus" whose biographies he also means to give. Dr. Kapp, indeed, has taken Kalb out of that category by the flood of light which he has thrown on his origin and career, and Mr. Balch should know that this Bavarian soldier of fortune crossed the ocean as a French officer, and as the confidant of certain ambitious designs on the part of the Comte de Broglie, and that he had previously visited America in 1767 as an emissary of Choiseul's, to inspect the state of feeling of the colonies towards the mother-country—which he did with great discretion and success. In fact, if proper account is to be made of the selfish motives which were much more the cause of the French alliance than Presbyterianism was the cause of the American Revolution, De Kalb can by no means be overlooked. Choiseul indulged no sentimentality in seeking to widen the breach between Great Britain and her dissatisfied colonies; and however much sentimentality Louis XVI. and his advisers were capable of, it did not, to say the least, blind them to the fact that in helping the revolt of the colonies they were aiming at the vitals of their natural enemy. Kalb's personal adventure, by which he hoped to win rank that would save the delay of promotion at home, was not a whit more selfish than his Government's. Mr. Balch gives quite enough credit to France for her disinterestedness.

When we come, after p. 85, to that part of Mr. Balch's work which is his own by right of discovery and hard labor, we have no longer any criticism to make. In less than 150 pages the history of the French in America during the period covered by Rochambeau's arrival and stay is unfolded in a sufficiently full chronicle, which, if it lacks vivacity and the charms of a realistic imagination, is never dull, and gives everywhere evidence of intelligent and conscientious painstaking. The great characters to whom every school-boy will acknowledge his patriotic indebtedness—La Fayette, Rochambeau, Comte d'Estaing, Comte de Grasse—are brought upon the scene, together with the less known though not in every case less great Lauzun, Choisy, Ternay, Bougainville, Deux-Ponts, and St. Simon. When they reappear in the second part, doubtless we shall become still more familiar with them, and own to them a still larger share of gratitude. On the ingeniously arranged map which accompanies the volume are traced the routes by which they sailed or marched to the relief of the feeble Continental armies. Two etched

portraits of Rochambeau, a view of the Governor Nelson house at Yorktown, and facsimiles of the devices of the paper-money of the Revolution, complete the illustrations. With the unimportant reserves already made, we heartily recommend the first part of "Les Français en Amérique," and await with interest the second.

The Sixth Reader. By Lewis B. Monroe. (Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co. 1872.)—Many attempts have been made to prepare books for classes in reading which not only should practise the pupils in elocution, but also should be useful in conveying information. Thus there have been reading-books devoted to teaching history, "popular science," and other subjects, and we remember one "Instructive Reader," so-called, which endeavored to give easy lessons in anatomy, and taught the boys and girls about their livers and chilblains. We think Mr. Monroe's view of the function of a reading-book is better than that entertained by the disseminators of useful knowledge, and, indeed, the view to be preferred to all others. Most of the work done in the school-room is more or less distasteful to a majority of the scholars; it is, in fact, work, and task-work, and is done under compulsion; the arithmetic, the grammar, the algebra, the geography, which are learned are learned by labor, and labor is no more agreeable to the boy or girl than it is to the adult political economist, who knows that such men and women as work, do it for the means to be idle, and not because toil is delightful. Now the reading-book affords to the pupil a relief from severe labor, and an opportunity for indulging other parts of his nature besides his mere understanding. As Mr. Monroe puts it, "the reading-book does for the student what no other school-book can do in so great a degree. It teaches him the art of written and oral expression," and does so without his being consciously employed in learning. "It furnishes him with models of style; it gives him gems of thought and sentiment as they have crystallized in the most gifted minds; it holds up for his admiration and imitation examples of virtue, moral heroism, and self-sacrifice; it instils a love for the good, the pure, and the beautiful, in the natural and moral worlds." It is, in short, or it should be, an induction into literature—and good literature. Very properly, too, it may teach elementary elocution, though usually it does this with a pedantry and an aim at theatrical effects which make it the grief of the judicious and the fruitful parent, so far as its injunctions are heeded, of an unnatural and absurd delivery. The late Edward Everett would have been quite as useful for instruction in genuine oratory as are most reading-book introductions and prefaces for instruction in the right way of reading a poem or a narrative. As regards this portion of the work undertaken by Mr. Monroe, his book seems to us praiseworthy. We should think a teacher might well find it helpful, for we believe a class of scholars old enough to be using a Sixth Reader would find it reasonable and be disposed to follow its suggestions rather than to scoff at them as mostly unintelligible, and when intelligible rather ridiculous. But considering the book as an induction into literature, and good literature, we cannot give it so much commendation, our taste, we find, being at variance with the compiler's. Had we to put together a book of four hundred pages which should make boys of fifteen or sixteen acquainted with the English-speaking authors of the last five hundred years, it would not have occurred to us to go to Mr. Joaquin Miller, nor to Mr. Theodore Tilton, nor to Mr. T. B. Aldrich, nor to Mr. Tennyson for his love-making "Lady Clare," nor to the late George Arnold, "widely known as the author of the 'McArone Papers.'" These are good writers if you like; but there are writers whom it is more important to introduce to our boys and girls at the age when character is forming and is tremulously susceptible to outside influences. Their love stories, and *True Flags*, and *Waverley Magazines* will give them enough and too much of nonsense of all kinds, and of contemporary thought and feeling. These—to use Wordsworth's figure, as one abusing it—are scattered at their feet like flowers; the young people cannot miss them; but the authors who "shine aloft like stars," and to whom they should be pointed, they may only too easily miss, and we regret to say that Mr. Monroe is not of so much help to them in this respect as a professor in the Massachusetts Technological School ought to be. A better book than his, to our mind at least, is a Boston book, Mr. Epes Sargent's. It might profitably be revised; some of its pieces, admitted like some of Mr. Monroe's in the interest of writers who were of local or temporary reputation, might with advantage be omitted, and their places supplied by others either later or better, or both; but it is a good book as it stands, and worthy of high praise. Mr. Monroe's we think worthy of some praise, but not of very high praise.

Botany for Young People: How Plants Behave. By Asa Gray. (New York: Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor. 1872.)—It is so easy to say that plants only grow, while animals grow, move, and feel, that the very title of this little work is rather startling. But unless we conclude that our author has

set down things "evolved from his own consciousness," we must qualify the aphorism, and admit that some indubitable plants not only live and grow, but manifest their life and direct their growth in ways which seem to indicate their possession of the faculties of sensation and voluntary motion quite as much as do the dull perceptions and sluggish movements of many organisms which are regarded as animals upon structural features alone. However, the young people, for whom this work is specially intended, care much more for one fact than a dozen theories, while for older folks we have not only the authority of the author as the leading American botanist, but also his assurance in the preface that he "expects to treat this subject in a different way, and probably with somewhat of scientific and historical fulness, in a new edition of a work intended for advanced students."

The book opens with an account of the motions of leaves, as those of the sensitive plant, and other more striking instances of the movements which "many ordinary plants may perform with less rapidity, though none the less really." Then comes the climbing of plants, whether by roots, stems, leaves, or tendrils; and the curious fact is noted that, while the hop and honeysuckle twine with the sun—that is from right to left, many others, as the bean and morning-glory, twine in the reverse direction. Certainly these are among the distinctions among organisms most difficult to explain upon purely teleological grounds. But the most extraordinary evidence of plant perception and movement is afforded by the revolving tendrils of the passion flower. These stretch themselves out horizontally, and slowly revolve in search of support. Of course the object most easily reached is their own stem above or below; but "when a tendril comes round so that its base nears the stem rising above it, it stops short, rises stiffly upright, moves on in this position until it passes by the stem, then rapidly comes down again to the horizontal position, and moves on," one is almost ready to grant the power of vision to such organs.

In the second chapter is shown the mysterious connection between the fertilization of plants and the visits of insects. For with many flowers the "various contrivances for hindering the pollen from reaching the stigma are excelled only by those for having it done in a roundabout way." The great purpose of arrangement seems to be to secure "cross fertilization," since in many cases, even with perfect flowers, the pollen is precluded from reaching the stigma of the same flower.

The concluding chapter tells us how plants capture insects, and, in some cases, actually digest and absorb them; so that the "Venus' fly-trap," for instance, "is really carnivorous." But let us hope that this and other statements may appear sufficiently incredible to induce Mr. Gray's readers to examine for themselves into the phenomena so clearly described and elegantly illustrated in this little work.

A First Latin Book, introductory to Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. By Daniel G. Thompson. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1872.)—This text-book, while it exhibits no special novelties, is sensibly and judiciously made. The author begins with the verb, in order that the learner may be introduced to sentences as speedily as possible; he is in favor of learning only so much of the grammar at first as will give the general form of the language, leaving the particulars to be afterwards filled in. On both these points we entirely agree with him. It would be well if Quintilian's golden words could be hung on the wall of every school-house in the land: "Nomina declinare et verba in primis pueri sciunt: neque enim aliter pervenire ad intellectum sequentium possunt, quod etiam monere supervacuum erat, nisi ambitiosa festinatione plerique a posterioribus inciperent, et dum ostentare discipulos circa speciosiora malunt, compendio morarentur."

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BY JOHN FISKE,

Lecturer and Assistant Librarian in Harvard University.

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